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The Pathfinder

MAY, 1910

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF
MR. HARDY

By JULIAN PARK



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

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VOLUME FOUR

The editor begs to announce for volume four of THE PATHFINDER the following prose articles: Under the general title of *Aspects of Recent Prose-Writers*, two of which have already appeared, *e. g.* Benson and Arnold, Mr. Julian Park, of Williams College, will write on Ruskin, Hearn, Wilde, Henley, Symonds and Hardy; Mr. G. B. Rose will continue his art essays with criticisms on Poelemburg, Albert Moore, Palma Vecchio, Mantegna and Albert Dürer; Miss Jeannette Marks, of Mt. Holyoke College, will contribute a series of short essays under the title *Lyra Mortis: the English Pastoral Elegy*; brief appreciations of the pastoral lyric from the pen of one of America's most delightful writers in that field, J. R. Hayes, of Swarthmore College; a series on the French lyric by the editor; occasional articles on subjects pertinent to the purpose of the little journal have been promised by some of the leading English and American essayists.

THE PATHFINDER in its inclusion of poetry will endeavor to maintain the general level of excellence which has won for it the high approval of a well-known English poet.

During the year special numbers will be devoted to Tennyson and Petrarca.

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A MAY ETCHING

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

The apple-boughs have built a bloomy bower
For the old well-house now that spring is here;
With pinky bud and blossom did they rear
This lovely shelter from the sun and shower.
A faint aroma sweetens every hour
Where to, with song, shy birds contribute cheer;
Hither is drawn the bold bee buccaneer
To gain a honeyed argosy for dower.

And she who comes adown the winding way
Between the boles, green-mossed or lichen'd gray,
Swinging a pail with such a guileless grace,
Is she a maiden, or some nymph or fay?
Whate'er she be, lo, when she turns her face
It shows the blithe embodiment of May!

*THE ACHIEVEMENT OF MR. HARDY**"THE DYNASTS"**By JULIAN PARK*

Within the last few months only, word has come to us from across the Atlantic that three of the best-known popular novelists have, in one case perforce, in the other two for reasons to be guessed at, closed their careers as writers of fiction. In each case this is altogether a cause for personal regret and literary loss. Marion Crawford, before his untimely death in April last, had often said that he had been only forced into novel-writing, and that he was long in realizing that such a career was to be his true vocation. We can only guess at the motives of the second of the trio, Stanley Weyman, who has allowed the fact of his literary retirement to be published. But the loss in such cases as these two, though deeply, and deservedly, felt for the moment, loses much of its force when we compare it to that which all lovers of Wessex feel, for the shock is still with them and the disappointment still as keen now as when they read the news that Thomas Hardy would write no more novels.

Hence, this is the logical point at which either to consider that part of his career which is sealed upon the past—as Longfellow puts it,—

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been,—

or to glance at that part of the new career, no inconsiderable portion, which already stands as an accomplished fact. It is not without a sigh, and apprehensions and misgivings, that we let our eyes roam over the twenty goodly volumes which breach thirty years of the man's life. To get the full sweep of his imagination one must read them all, for the conception of each one differs from the next. The volume most typical of Mr. Hardy's whole work is, however, *The Return of the Native*. It is an excerpt from life, not the usual rehash of unconnected events served as a "romance" or a "novel," and flavored with such variously assorted spices as history, psychology, and Stevensonian invention can afford. To use another figure, Mr. Hardy's method might be called the "whole-cloth" method. He takes things as he finds them, cuts out swiftly and neatly according to his preconceived pattern, and makes up

his goods into a suit that fits Life, his model, very well, after his style of tailoring. Therefore he needs to elaborate his plot but little. He merely lets events take their course. Hence no high-strung interest, no melodramatic climax, result; the opposite tendency, indeed, is sometimes apparent; when the tension is thus let down, the movement is apt to drag too heavily.

More often, however, in the novels, it is the pessimism — which I would rather call fatalism — that to the popular mind is the predominating note, and not any heaviness or slowness in plot. Turning now from the novels to his most recent work, the poems and the drama, we see the great, indeed the fundamental difference. There is little pessimism in those songs of patriotism and national courage which remind us of a phase of Kipling. There is little music, sometimes, in the songs; the turns of expression are often curiously clumsy; the words strange and uncouth for real poetry; the lapses from rhythm are many. Mr. Hardy's poems come with difficulty and show too plainly that their author is groping in an obscurity of expression that never baffled him in prose. With all their rough-hewn appearance, however, the verses in *Wessex Poems* (1901), *Poems of the Past and*

Present (1902), and *Times's Laughing Stocks* (1909), are in many ways remarkable. They are the work of a poet at heart, of a poet whose only limitation is that he is not always able to give them expression according to the recognized poetical standards. The *ideas* are those of a poet, and that after all is the essential requirement in such a case. War poems of all kinds were popular enough at the time of the publication of the first two of these volumes, but *The Going of the Battery* will outlast most of them. It has verses in it that are worth any amount of patriotic jingle in Cockney dialect:

Great guns were gleaming there, living things seeming
there,
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upmouthed to the night;
Wheels wet and yellow, from axle to felloe,
Throats blank to sound but prophetic to sight.

Mr. Hardy's range, moreover, is wide, and his poetical moods many, but he seems surest, of course, when dealing with old Wessex friends.

In any departure, speaking both politically and geographically, from the south of England, he seems indeed to lack that sureness of touch. What, then, shall we say when we are confronted with a stupendous drama, in three volumes, nineteen acts, and one hundred and

thirty scenes, the action of which, along with that of the Napoleonic era, takes us from one end of Europe to the other, from Russia, to Portugal, and to England? He has sought to bring all the many issues of that confused time into the focus of his art, and he therefore provides a multitude of varied characters, and a frequent, even dazzling, shifting of scene. It is a great intention, and deserves to be judged according to its spirit and conception as well as strictly according to its execution. It must necessarily be a play, rather for the study than the stage. Stage-craft is a convention some distance removed from actuality, but the convention which Mr. Hardy has chosen is many degrees further from reality than the ordinary illusions of the stage. His intention would seem epic, and we are to think that it has been only to suit the peculiarities of his own genius that he has chosen the dramatic form. At any rate, whatever his intention, the result has been to startle the world into new realizations, to upset all our long-cherished ideas of poetic form and style, possibly even to found a new and radical school of dramatic writing.

Our amazement at the vastness of the undertaking is heightened at reading the list of

characters, of whom the mere enumeration fills four pages. Mr. Hardy, however, is not content with speaking characters, for his scheme calls for a preservation of what unity there is by means of "phantom intelligences," who hover about the scene and comment upon the action much after the fashion of the Greeks. It is to the utterances of these ethereal beings that we must look for whatever of poetry may be found in this dramatic pageant. Probably the disastrous expedition to Walcheren of 1809 inspires the finest poetical burst of any length. The Chorus of Pities echoes the plaint of Chatham's troops; the Spirit of the Years replies, and the scene closes with the stage direction that "the night fog enwraps the isle, and the dying English army." This is a grim sort of stage-craft, but its impressiveness is unquestioned.

The third volume of the work is wonderfully rapid and exciting. Not only is the acting more thrilling—that was only to be expected as we came to Moscow, Elba, and Waterloo;—but the pity and the tragedy of these doings are more concentrated. There are mere single lines which other playwrights would expand into pages of bathos, such as the pathetic —

"Disasters mostly have to do with me"

of the Empress Marie Louise ; brief passages of grim humor, such as these words of Davoust at his first sight of Moscow :—

“What scores of bulbous church-tops gild the sky !
Souls must be rotten in this region, sire,
To need so much repairing !”

and little touches like this

Wellington goes in the direction of the hussars with Uxbridge. A cannon-shot hisses past.

UXBRIDGE (starting): I have lost my leg, by God !

WELLINGTON: By God, and have you ! I felt the wind
O' the shot.

Could any two lines give us so much of Wellington and of war?

By all the rules, the enterprise should have been a colossal failure. The author has so much against which to contend. The dramatic form is the most difficult to read ; it is hardly meant to be read at all. It would be too much to say that Mr. Hardy succeeds in spite of his form, but the only way was to make a large demand upon his reader : to ask him to imagine himself a spectator at the vastest drama yet produced. If he can do so, he will be well rewarded.

The evolution of Thomas Hardy from novelist to poet and now to playwright has been almost unbelievable. What effect this develop-

ment will have on his reputation will be a puzzling problem for the distant future. Here, at least, is the poetic vision vouchsafed to the greatest prose-writer of to-day, brooding for many years over the most extraordinary theme presented by all history. Whatever allowances criticism may make for crudity of form, incoherence of structure, and preposterous scenic environment, there will long remain the feeling of a great conception, endowed by the visionary who created it with an altogether curious vitality.



TO WILD-ROSES

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

The wild-rose riots and the lichens cling,
And all o'errun with tangled brier and thorn,
Within the alder still the thrushes sing
Because they know not change nor things outworn.

Tangle and wild-rose and a ruined wall,
Silence and sunlight and a voiceless pain,
The haunting smell of roses and the fall
Of leaves full-blown that will not bud again.

*THE GARDEN OF BEAUCAIRE**By EVALEEN STEIN*

With wind-blown iris leaves the hill
Was tremulous, while dark and tall
The ancient pine trees swayed, until
Their slumberous shadows folded all
The silent paths that laced the fair
Forsaken garden of Beaucaire.

By glossy leaves of laurestine
And pale, wild lavender overswept,
A ruined stair led through the green
And up the thyme-grown terrace crept
To where a tower of crumbling stone
Kept watch, deserted and alone.

The selfsame tower of poet's song
That marked the donjon keep wherein,
For love's sweet sake held captive long,
Lay prisoned sad Childe Aucassin
Whose faithful heart would not forget
White-throated, gold-haired Nicolette.

By ivied walls, one still might trace
Where once Beaucaire's proud castle stood ;
And still the chapel's carved grace
Endured, before whose holy rood
Knelt saintly Louis whilst he prayed
God's blessing on his last crusade.

Beneath the hill, the old, old town
Seemed scarce awakened from the day
When o'er its clustering roof-trees brown
Brave warriors of the cross held sway ;
Like pictures on a missal page,
Those time-worn dwellings, gray with age.

Glimpsed through the pine boughs, far below
Twixt purpling vines the lordly Rhone
Swept seaward with majestic flow,
While o'er his gleaming waters shown
Green cypress groves and myrtle bowers
And good King René's castle towers.

O long, so long my soul had dreamed
Of that fair land of old romance!
O'er half the world my spirit seemed
Drawn evermore to lilled France;
There, there, at last, beneath those blue
And golden skies my dreams came true!

For me that garden lone became
A close enchanted, whispering yet
Of love's undying altar flame,
Of Aucassin and Nicolette;
The sweet air thrilled with murmurings
Of lutes and long-hushed viol strings.

In poignant ecstasy of tears,—
I knew old heart desires fulfilled;
Strange, homesick yearnings that for years
Called through my blood, nor would be stilled.
O poets' land, and blessed peace
Where that deep longing found surcease!

So bright those fleet, sweet hours, so rare,
Oft-times I wonder, could it be?
Did I, in truth, behold Beaucaire
And René's castle over sea?
I know not;—but I cherish still
Three iris leaves from some far hill.

*IN ARCADY**By* LILLA B. N. WESTON

In Arcady—in Arcady!—
I hear true lovers say it o'er;
A magic country it must be,
Untrod by human foot before!
Where roses in a crimson maze,
Festoon each green and swaying door,
And where the sun's vast radiance
Glow's unabated evermore!

In Arcady—in Arcady!—
That place to which all souls aspire,
And which so few at last achieve,
Though they with all the world conspire!
Wherein hypocrisy is not,
Nor mean design, nor base desire;
The place no man may buy with gold,
Nor yet with gilded words acquire.

In Arcady—in Arcady!—
Ah, who shall say where it doth lie?
Beyond the rainbow's dipping curve,
Beneath the sea's transparent dye?
Yet sometimes I can catch a strain
Of faery music strangely nigh—
Ah, love, might not sweet Arcady
Be very near to thee and me?

ARTHUR SYMONS—A STUDY IN
VALUES

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

(Conclusion from April issue.)

In Mr. Symons' next volume, *Plays, Acting and Music* (1903) he deals mainly with the stage and secondarily with music. It was followed in 1906 by *Studies in Seven Arts*, in which music is dealt with in greater detail "side by side with painting, sculpture, architecture, handicraft, dancing and the various arts of the stage." Between these two volumes Mr. Symons had issued three other books: *Cities* in 1903, a study of places and people, in which he studied the manifestations of beauty in visible life as a form of art; *Studies in Prose and Verse* (1904), profound and illuminating essays in literature; and *Spiritual Adventures* (1905), a series of imaginary portraits, fictional in form, in which psychology, under the guise of character, directs the desires and ambitions of the soul. But I shall deal with *Plays, Acting and Music* and the *Studies in Seven Arts* together, because they cover and complete all the general forms of art, except literature, which fall into the author's

esthetic scope. In literature there is, besides the *Symbolist Movement in Literature*, the study of *William Blake*, in which Mr. Symons crystallizes his philosophy of life as embodied in all these representative studies; and the *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, where the specific art of poetry is studied through an epoch, the production examined in relation to its function as an art, and as a representation of life.

Plays, Acting and Music is perhaps the most indicative volume among all Mr. Symons' books, in a certain definite expression of his esthetic system. The general point of view that it propounds is that art is "concerned only with accomplishment, not duration." Consequently, according to the critic's theory, the "man who writes music is no more truly an artist than the man who plays that music, the poet who composes rhythms in words is no more truly an artist than the dancer who composes rhythms with the body, and the one is no more to be preferred to the other than the painter is to be preferred to the sculptor, or the musician to the poet, in those forms of art which we have agreed to recognize as of equal value." Thus, Mr. Symons takes those transient forms of amusement, created for the instant in

which they are presented on the stage and in the music-hall, and by fixing one's attention on those aspects of their rendering which attain perfection, and suggest the significance of beauty, transforms them from the interpretative to the creative functions. If his conclusion concerning a given performance differs from one's own, the fact does not essentially alter his contention that histrionics, pianoforte playing, dancing and singing, are in themselves arts. He has listened to that talented wife of Maeterlinck, Georgette Leblanc, singing the songs of Schumann and Schubert, of Faure and Fabre, with words by Verlaine and Maeterlinck, and seen songs dramatized; he has heard Ysaye play the violin and detected a "beauty which had never been in the world come into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of receiving it," and the thing was neither "Beethoven nor Ysaye, it was made out of their meeting; it was music, not abstract, but embodied in sound." He has been to hear Pachmann, "Verlaine of the piano," play Chopin, and declares him the "greatest living pianist, because he can play certain things better than any other pianist can play anything," and because he gives you "pure music, not

states of soul or of temperament, not interpretations, but echoes." He analyzes the secret of Sarah Bernhardt's power, of Duse's charm, of Réjane's fascination, of Jane Hading's limitations; he tells you how Coquelin renders Molière, Shakespeare, and Irving. He has been to the Ambassadeurs and witnessed the remarkable Yvette Guilbert in her glory. There is an account of Miss Parr reading verse to the accompaniment of the psaltery, and of Yeats crooning his own mystical verse. There is a fine criticism of *Pelleas and Melisande*, a sympathetic review of Sada Yacco and the Japanese players, and an appreciation of the comedies of M. Alfred Capus. These are but an indication of the riches in the contents of this book—a record of events in the musical and dramatic world as Mr. Symons witnessed them, but serving, as he declares, the purpose of study in his esthetic theory.

In the *Studies in Seven Arts* we find an amplification of the theory underneath the criticism of *Plays, Acting and Music*. "In this book," says Mr. Symons, "I have tried to deal with the other arts (outside literature in general) as I know or recognize them; and I find seven: painting, culpture, architecture, music, handicraft, the

stage (in which I include drama, acting, pantomime, scenery, costume and lighting), and separate from these, dancing." Sculpture is treated in a penetrating analysis of Rodin, in which the puzzling reality of the French master is made clear with an astoundingly simple explanation. But it is in his treatment of painting and music that we find Mr. Symons at his best and most interesting task in this book. Reviewing the painting of the nineteenth century he brings into perspective, with astonishing clearness, the qualities and characteristics of different schools and individuals, so one can easily grasp its development, and associate the forces which vitalized that development during the century. To Gustave Moreau, Watts and Whistler, are devoted separate essays, and no more illuminating criticism has been thrown upon their methods, aims and accomplishments. He has got at the point of view in the work of each of these artists, and unraveled the symbolism, the pictorial communication of ideas and visions, with instinctive insight.

If in his criticism of painting Mr. Symons presents his opinions with a logic unanswerable in its persuasiveness, in music they are presented with an intensity and emphasis of belief

which runs from an appreciation of Beethoven, through the exposition of the idea of Wagner, to the stimulating problem of Strauss. In the criticism of Strauss, Mr. Symons is as disconcerting to our popular notions as in his opinion on Tschaikowsky's B-minor symphony. A charming study of Duse, the personal Duse, shows us more intimately the marvelous woman behind the actress than one can hope to win across the footlights. Mr. Symons laments the decay of the handicrafts in England; is enthusiastic about Mr. Gordon Craig's experiments in stagecraft, writes suggestively of that unattempted thing outside of France, a "Symbolist Farce." This book will appeal deeply to the idealist who looks for some concrete and soluble expression of his artistic interests—those interests which, as a lover, not a creator of beauty, through various forms, will add a grace to the feeling susceptible of life quickened by the seven arts. To the creator of beauty through the medium of one of these arts it broadens the kinship, the capacities for perfection, in that consciousness which comes with the love of endeavor in the service of immortal beauty.

In *Studies in Prose and Verse*, Mr. Symons

has produced a volume of essays on contemporary writers from Balzac to Stephen Phillips. The process is one of "divination which can strike through the words to the meaning." The "essential unity in this collection of essays," which the author hoped for is apparent: the subject's aim, method and result. Thus we follow the critic into high places and come to profound conclusions. "Balzac," he asserts, "takes a primary passion, puts it into a human body, and sets it to work itself out in visible action." And of Hawthorne, he says, his destiny was always "to watch life from a corner." To the admirers of Stevenson and Meredith, Mr. Symons would seem to be iconoclastic: of Stevenson he says, and I feel that one has but to look closely into Stevenson's works for a confession of the statement, that, "in comparing him with the great names of literature, we cannot but feel all the difference, and the meaning of the difference, between a great intellect and a bright intelligence." And of Meredith, "though he has written novels, is essentially a poet, not a novelist;" that the problem of Meredith "is the problem of why a poet has spent most of his life in writing novels, novels which are the most intellectual in the language,

but not great novels." Concerning Robert Bridges and Stephen Phillips he strikes at the root of the matter; and in the appreciations of Yeats and Ernest Dowson, Mr. Symons puts infinite riches in a little room.

The *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, the most recent of Mr. Symons's books, published last fall, treats of eighty-seven British poets from John Home (1722-1808,) to Thomas Hood (1799-1845), who comprised the rise and development of a revival in the history of English poetry. The aim which the critic has set himself in the study of each poet is in "finding out, if I can, what he was in himself, what he made of himself in his work, and by what means, impulses and instincts. The poet, the poem—it is with these only I am concerned." In the introduction, Mr. Symons defines the difference between poetry and prose. Indicating the essentials which constitute poetry as an art, and the spirit which produces poetic substance, he proceeds from the false principles which the eighteenth century, with Pope as embodiment, promulgated as the laws of poetry; follows its course in the awakening signs of Collins, gathering, as it goes further and further from the eighteenth century, a gleam of vision

from Christopher Smart, a ray of imagination from Chatterton, until, the dawn breaking in Burns and Blake, we are led up to the full noon-tide of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Byron and Shelley and Keats. It is a masterly design, this introduction, which the subsequent studies of each individual poet fills with a just and penetrating valuation of the texture of thought and speech.

The one magnificent thing about this book, indeed, as we find it true of all Mr. Symon's books, is that he investigates independently, and his opinions are never qualified by what other critics have said. The material for each critique is studied in the poet's life, his verse, his letters and conversation, and the result is a freshness and originality which makes the reading of these familiar subjects appear as if they were for the first time under the microscope of criticism; and we feel the analysis to be the final word about them.

As does his study of *William Blake*, all of Mr. Symon's books contribute phases of estheticism towards the creation of a conscious eternity of beauty. Beauty is neither of this world nor the next, but of the balance in which both worlds, the visible and invisible, are one

world. Imagination, like the sun suffusing the earth and generating the spirit of nature, suffuses the mind of man and generates vision; and he who cultivates this power of the soul is he who sees life, not only the life of the senses, but the life of the spirit. Upon this philosophy Blake built his happiness—a happiness strange and out of tune to the happiness of most men—but it was the real happiness born out of the contemplation of eternal beauty. And so Mr. Symons, interpreting Blake, sums up his own significant message of existence.

One looks forward to the time when the complete works of Arthur Symons will take their inevitable place in the library of every cultivated person, along with the works of Ruskin and Arnold and Pater.



IMPRESSIONS

By DENNETT STEPHENS

Not Ætna, in its titan throes,
Can move me like one small maid's woes!

Not all the arctic solitude
Can chill me like one small maid's mood!

Not nature's every vernal wile
Can joy me like one small maid's smile!

*A PAGAN MOOD**By* HILTON R. GREER

World, go worship as you will :
I am but a pagan still.

You may mouth your little creeds,
Chant your anthems, count your beads,

Underneath your temple's roof ;
I, from towns and spires aloof,

Just for one soft Sabbath day
Worship in the ancient way.

Gone the shrines of pagan folk,
Blown the sacrificial smoke :

Yet a sentient something clings
Of the old imaginings ;

So that sward and sky for me
Wear the guise of Deity.

Hoary hill and rugged pine
Own a majesty divine ;

And in shadows duskly dim,
Lo, I bow and worship them !

Scoff, you moderns, an you will :
I am but a pagan still,

Clinging to a faith that is
Old as all Earth's goodnesses.

He who — in her myriad forms
Sea and cloud and stars and storms,

Spreading bough and springing clod,—
Worships Beauty, worships God !

Recent Publications

CARL HERMON DUDLEY.—*And This is War*. New York: Cochrane Publishing Co. 1910.

EDWIN BALMER-WILLIAM MACHARG.—*The Achievements of Luther Trant*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1910.

FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT.—*The Seventh Noon*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1910.

K. L. MONTGOMERY.—*The Cardinal's Pawn*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1910.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.—*The Danger Trail*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910.

MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY.—*Gwenda*. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1910.

ANNE WARNER.—*Just Between Ourselves*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1910.

OCTAVE THANET.—*By Inheritance*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910.

ELLERY H. CLARK.—*The Carleton Case*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910.

CLARA H. WHITMORE.—*Woman's Work in English Fiction*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1910.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.—*Essays on Modern Novelists*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910.

ALBERT SCHINZ.—*Anti-Pragmatism*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1909.

SHAILER MATHEWS.—*The Gospel and the Modern Man*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910.

JAMES HUNEKER.—*Promenades of an Impressionist*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1910.

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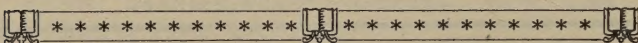
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SANDWICH CENTER

By ETHEL ARMES

Author of *The Story of Coal and Iron in Alabama*

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HIS little study of Sandwich Center, tells quite simply the brief and almost uneventful annals of the town from its waking in the reign of George III, throughout its term of active service in behalf of the colonies, to its sleeping time to-day. It also gives quick glimpses of a few of the little people and places of delight in and around the village, and relates the Indian legends and traditions told round and about there: the myths of Ossipee, of Lake Asquam and Mount Chocorua.

The tiny sketches given were done out under the open sky on the hill-tops, in apple orchards by winding roads and in long grasses of the fields, so that in those places where the student's touch has failed, artist charm may be dreamed into them by whosoever knows these sweet mountain meadows that were the Quaker poet's golden fields.—From the Author's *Foreword*.

A Literary Problem Solved

MICHAEL MONAHAN, according to the *London Academy*,
is himself THE PAPYRUS.

WESTMINSTER (London) *Gazette* :—

Mr. Michael Monahan has the courage of his opinions; he can write exceedingly well when he chooses to do so; in some respects his style resembles that of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

EDWIN MARKHAM (in New York *American*) :—

Mr. Monahan has the gift that kings cannot give nor colleges grant—the gift of a beautiful style. For style comes with the man; it is the gesture of the soul. So when Mr. Monahan draws a man or a book into the circle of this thought, the object, like a star in water takes a new beauty from his mind.

BOSTON *Transcript* :—

Mr. Monahan's philosophy of life is hopeful; his style is strongly individual and personal, his morality is the morality of sympathy, the themes he presents deal with human souls, not mere externals.

CHICAGO *Post* :—

There is no periodical quite like the little personal PAPYRUS which Mr. Michael Monahan sends out each month from East Orange, N. J. Its appeal is the appeal of a personality that can truly be called charming. There is something ingratiating in Mr. Monahan's frank enjoyments and frank displeasures, and he is one of the few editors whose personal moods it is in the least possible to share.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year

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LET us therefore be well agreed that so much of happiness falls to the lot of every one as he possesses of virtue and wisdom, and in proportion as he acts according to their dictates; since for this we have the example of the God Himself, who is completely happy, not from any external good, but in Himself, and because he is such by nature. For good fortune is something of necessity different from happiness, as every external good of the soul is produced by chance or by fortune; but it is not from fortune that any one is just or wise. Hence it follows, as established by the same reasoning, that the state which is best, and acts best, will be happy: for no one can fare well who acts not well; nor can the actions either of man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom. For valor, justice and wisdom have in a state the same force and form as in individuals; and it is only as he shares in these virtues that each man is said to be just, wise, and prudent.—ARISTOTLE.